for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Nerriſſa. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
for that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,
in liew of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Grati. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough?
What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deſeru'd it.
Por. Speake not ſo groſly, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leaſure,
It comes from Padua, from *Bellario*,
there you ſhall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
ſhall witnes I ſet foorth as ſoone as you,
and euen but now return'd; *I* haue not yet
entred my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
and I haue better newes in ſtore for you
than you exſpect: vnſeale this letter ſoone,
there you ſhall finde three of your Argoſies
are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chaunced on this letter.
Antho. *I* am dumb?
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and *I* knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. *I*, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,
vnleſſe he liue vntill he be a man.
Baſſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
vvhen *I* am abſent, then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuing;
for heere *I* reade for certaine that my ſhips
are ſafely come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
my Clarke hath ſome good comforts to for you.
Ner *I*, and ile giue them him without a fee,
There doe *I* giue to you and *Ieſſica*
from the rich *Ievve*, a ſpeciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies poſſeſt of.

Loren.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
of ſtarued people.
Por. *It* is almoſt morning,
and yet *I* am ſure you are not ſatisfied
of theſe euents at full. Let vs go in,
and charge vs there vpon intergotories,
and we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergotory
that my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
vvhether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
or goe to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, *I* ſhould wiſh it darke,
till *I* were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while *I* liue, ile feare no other thing
ſo ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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